St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio
MAR 2 '59

WHAT PRICE HATE?

— James Rorty

THE

Commonweal

CHRISTIANS IN THE ARAB WORLD

by Alan Neame

The Protean Joyce Cary

by Max Cosman

GLOSS ON A TEXT: A POEM . . . . . *by Carol Johnson*
THOMAS MANN'S LAST ESSAYS . . . . . *by Richard Gilman*
JAPANESE POET-NOVELIST . . . . . *by William Dunlea*
A CHILD AMONG ADULTS . . . . . *by Alice Saxon*
ARTIST DESPITE HIMSELF . . . . . *by Betty Kaufman*

Volume LXIX, No. 23 March 6, 1959 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

David Dubinsky, President

MEMO TO: Edward S. Skillin, Editor, The Commonweal

FROM: Gus Tyler, Director, ILGWU Training Institute

Subject: A REPORT AND APPEAL TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Last year, we ran an announcement in your magazine telling of a job opportunity with a real challenge. Friends of mine asked: "And who will answer that kind of an ad? This isn't the '30's. This is the age of conformism, apathy, and get-rich-quick!"

The fact is that 739 young men and women expressed an interest in this "career." Of these, 163 filed serious applications. Of these, 20 were selected for training in jobs as future union leaders.

Because we are convinced that in every generation there is a segment of young people who would like to play a courageous and active role in changing the shape of things, we are renewing our invitation to a career that others—in this decade—have found a rewarding way of life.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union conducts its own "West Point," to prepare young men and women for careers in labor leadership. The one-year course combines classroom and field work. Those who complete the course are assigned to a full time job with the union.

With the job comes the challenge—to provide the kind of dedicated and ethical leadership that will make the American labor movement the creative social force it seeks to be.

The Training Institute is now in its ninth year. 127 of its graduates now hold union office in the ILGWU. Virtually all started as organizers—to learn the labor movement at the grass roots. While some continue at this mission as their first and enduring love, others branch out to take on responsibilities as business agents, local union managers, educational and political directors, area supervisors, time study experts, etc.

There is nothing soft or cushy about any of these jobs. But then we are not looking for young people who want the easy plush life. We want those who will enjoy the sting of challenge.

To these, we open the doors of the Institute. Write before April 15: ILGWU Training Institute, 1710 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 587

Christians in the Arab World
by Alan Neame 591

What Price Hate?
by James Rorty 594

The Protean Joyce Cary
by Max Cosman 596

Gloss on a Text: A Poem
by Carol Johnson 598

Cut Off from the Maine
by John Cogley 599

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 600

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 600

Books 603

Art: Artist Despite Himself
by Betty Kaufman 606

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Social Action:* JOHN C. CORT; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

Copyright © 1959 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

A Catholic for President?

SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY of Massachusetts is generally recognized as one of the leading contenders for the Democratic Party's Presidential nomination. And Senator Kennedy is a Catholic.

Taken singly, these two statements seem unexceptional enough. Together, however, they add up to mark a notable development in our national life. For up to now, despite the fact that the Constitution prohibits a religious test "as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," it has been taken for granted that no Catholic could possibly be elected to the nation's highest office. This assumption was questioned by the nomination of Al Smith in 1928, but Smith's disastrous defeat seemed to fix it as an American political axiom.

All this is, if not changed, then clearly in the process of change. The achievement of Catholics in all kinds of state and national political posts, in the past few years especially and particularly in the 1958 elections, seems to show that the religious belief of a candidate has become a minor consideration to the great majority of voters.

This conclusion is borne out by recent public opinion polls on voter-preferences among the leading Presidential candidates. It has been found in these polls that Senator Kennedy, and some other Catholics, would be quite acceptable candidates to a strong majority of the non-Catholic voters who were questioned. Concerned politicians—above all, practical men—have some doubts about these demonstrations of religious tolerance, but most of them agree that a Catholic (Senator Kennedy, for instance) might well make their Party's strongest candidate.

Nevertheless, the question of a Catholic for President is still far from being completely settled. As one might expect, Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam has declared his apprehension over this possibility, as has Dr. Glenn L. Archer of the belligerently anti-Catholic Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State. The views of extremists may be discounted, of course, but there are undoubtedly many American non-Catholics of good will who, reasonably or not, remain confused and worried about what it would mean to have a President who was a Catholic.

THUS SENATOR KENNEDY believes that a Catholic candidate for the Presidency must speak out, as Al Smith felt he had to do in 1927, on alleged conflicts between Catholic beliefs and the Constitutional duties of the President. In a recent issue of *Look* magazine, Senator Kennedy makes known his views on some of the questions about which non-Catholics are most concerned: the separation of Church and State, the use of public funds to support private or parochial schools, the appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican. Mr. Kennedy, according to the *Look* article, believes that "religion is personal, politics are public, and the twain need never meet and conflict."

Among the Senator's more specific declarations are these: "I believe as a Senator that the separation of church and state is fundamental to our American concept and heritage and should remain so. . . . I am flatly opposed to appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican. . . . The First Amendment to the Constitution is an infinitely wise one. There can be no question of Federal funds being used for support of parochial or private schools. It's unconstitutional. . . ."

These forthright statements have been greeted with general satisfaction, although it has been pointed out cynically by some that for Mr. Kennedy to say anything else would amount to political

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suicide. Our own reaction is slightly different. We cannot say that we share any feeling of relief concerning the Senator's position, because we never felt any apprehension, never believed that there was a "conflict of loyalties" involved. And, on the basis of Mr. Kennedy's public record and previous statements, we see no reason to believe that these are not his sincere convictions.

But we cannot help having a few reservations and regrets about Mr. Kennedy's statements. That "religion is personal, politics are public" is undoubtedly the Senator's belief, and that of many other, perhaps most, Americans. Perhaps it is unfair to cavil. Yet it seems an unnecessarily simple view of this most complex problem. Anyone seriously concerned with the relation of personal belief to matters of public policy receives little reassurance from the simple rejection of the problem in Senator Kennedy's statement.

More important, however, is the way that Mr. Kennedy expressed himself on Constitutional questions. He seemed to be saying that he did not take the position one might expect from a Catholic, but took instead the "Constitutional" and "First Amendment" position. And such an implication is regrettable on several scores.

Senator Kennedy should have made the elementary point that there is no "Catholic position" on these matters, that they are not doctrinally religious questions at all, merely points of Constitutional interpretation and practical judgment, on which Catholics are perfectly free to disagree and on which they often do disagree.

The Senator's declaration that he believes in the separation of Church and State is similarly disquieting. Here again he gave the impression that this was a point at issue between Catholics and non-Catholics and that Catholics might be expected *not* to believe in it. To accept this version of the question is to fall into the trap prepared by such as Paul Blanshard and the P.O.A.U. Actually, does not everyone in the United States believe in the separation of Church and State? Isn't this almost like saying one believes in motherhood? The true question here is what the separation of Church and State *means,* and this is a question which has been debated and decided in many different ways by Americans of all religious faiths—including secularism—over the centuries. It is still, to all Americans, a continuing question, the details of which have to be worked out as difficulties in its interpretation arise.

In the matter of public funds for private schools Mr. Kennedy was guilty of similar, and similarly unfortunate, oversimplification. To say that one is opposed to such use of public funds is not to be opposed to the "Catholic position." Catholics, Protestants and Jews have differed among themselves on this question in the past, do so at this moment and undoubtedly will in the future. Furthermore, in view of the long and shifting history of opinion on this Constitutional question, and the litigation and debates currently proceeding, it seems presumptuous and/or unsophisticated to say flatly, "It's unconstitutional."

Mr. Kennedy has on all these points made statements which may be politically effective but which add to rather than diminish whatever confusion surrounds them. He seems to have accepted the view that of the varying Constitutional interpretations which are put forth, one view—the secularist view, nowadays—is the "real" Constitutional position, and that one automatically dissociates himself from religious interpretations by saying, "I believe in the Constitution."

We wish that Mr. Kennedy had shown himself to be better informed on the nature of these problems. His statements remind us, unfortunately, of a Protestant we know of who listened in horror to some Catholic arguments that public assistance to parochial school children was entirely within the meaning and intent of the Constitution. He then declared, thinking he was countering these arguments: "*I* believe in the American way."

FOR THE WORLD'S NEEDY

The American Catholic Bishops' Relief program continues to minister to the neediest the world over. In 1958 it shipped a billion pounds of relief supplies overseas. Its special projects this year include a massive school-food program for the poorest children of Spain; anti-T.B. measures among the undernourished and homeless refugees in Hong Kong and Calcutta; famine relief in Africa during the desperate pre-harvest season; diet supplements in the depressed areas of Greece, Italy and Portugal; aid to slum dwellers in South America. This program supports relief and rehabilitation work in fifty-one areas of the globe. In parishes throughout the land a collection for the purpose will take place Laetare Sunday, March 8. Donations may also be sent directly to Catholic Relief Services, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTINUING UNEMPLOYMENT

WHEN THIS COUNTRY is convalescing from hard times, employment seems to be the last element to regain its strength. One has only to think of the early 1930's when unemployment remained high in the face of the most strenuous efforts, including a vast program of public works. The Big Depression actually persisted until aid to the Allies and preparations for war jolted the American economy so hard that it has been going along on the resulting momentum almost ever since.

Some observers would make this January's total of 4,724,000 unemployed the worst figure for that month since 1942, while others are content to make it the worst January, in this respect, in the last nine years. But either way, why does unemployment continue to be so stubborn despite better times? The steady increase in productivity per worker has always been a factor, and the present spread of automation accentuates it.

The Federal Reserve Board recently cited the finding that in the space of a decade forty-three per cent more goods and services had been produced in this country by only one per cent more workers. The Board's diagnosis of current unemployment also blames the economies which businessmen adopted during the recession and the fact that recovery is not general: machinery and other durable goods are coming back more slowly.

Much of America's domestic prosperity in modern times has stemmed from the mass purchasing power built up in a comparatively high-wage economy. This, plus the fact that jobs are scarce, now prompts the nation's labor leaders to advance higher wages and shorter hours as a solution. Most economists who have testified on this matter lately tend to favor government spending that will stimulate American industry to increase its productivity by five per cent a year, two or three times the last six years' annual rate of expansion. And then there are those of the Galbraith school who stress the inadequate low-rent housing, educational, medical and other facilities available in a nation with such wealth and potentialities as ours.

It is undeniable that a marked increase in the number of two-car families, or even in the number of American television sets, for example, would make a dent in unemployment. But as far as private consumption goes, it would appear much sounder all round to build up demand for goods and services by concentrating on raising the lower and lowest American income standards. At the same time a realistic tackling of the country's housing, school and other general needs would help take up the employment slack.

To do things of this sort on the scale required without producing heavier long-term municipal, state and federal deficits will not be easy—nor will the formulation of a tax policy best designed to provide for these additional demands for public funds. Moreover, to enter upon a national expansion program without at the same time erecting dependable checks against inflation would hardly be in the public interest. There are those who see no reason why steady economic growth together with full employment cannot be achieved along with stable prices and a stable currency. Confidence that it can be done underlies the present study by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress headed by Senator Douglas of Illinois. In a country such as ours it makes little sense to countenance five million unemployed and much idle plant while so large an accumulation of general needs remains unmet.

STRUGGLE FOR A PARTY

CONSERVATIVE REPUBLICANS have been giving President Eisenhower a bad time in recent weeks, but this does not mean that those members of the G.O.P. called "modern Republicans" are happy either. On the contrary, they are still smarting from the defeat they suffered when they tried to keep Senator Dirksen from being named as Senate floor leader, and they clearly think the White House had a great deal to do with that victory by the conservatives.

Senator George D. Aiken of Vermont, leader of the liberal group and himself long associated with the President's views, voiced their sentiments in a recent speech in New York. The G.O.P., he warned, will not win elections unless "it demonstrates greater faith in the future of America than it has been doing recently. . . . It is a mistake to give the public the impression that a balanced budget, to be achieved at any cost, is the paramount aim of our Republican Administration."

Republicans should work for a balanced budget, Senator Aiken said, but "it should not be a fetish with us." Despite President Eisenhower's stress on holding down spending, Senator Aiken pointedly noted that Abraham Lincoln never balanced the budget. "Lincoln had to choose between conflicting values and he chose the greater ones," the Senator said. "He could have balanced the budget and lost the Union. He could have held down the national debt and perpetuated slavery."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In an obvious reference to G.O.P. colleagues like Senator Goldwater, Senator Aiken said: "As Republicans, let us not be afraid of the 'me too' charge which is sometimes leveled against us." And as far as the future of the Republican Party itself is concerned, the leader of the G.O.P. liberals in the Senate made it clear that he will not "abandon the Party to the divine right of a self-anointed few." "I have little sympathy for those of our party who would cling tenaciously to the status quo," Senator Aiken said. "I have no desire or intention of standing still under their leadership."

All of this, we think, is just one more indication that Mr. Eisenhower is becoming increasingly isolated inside his own Party. Some years ago, we must confess, we dismissed rather lightly the claim that in the last half of his second term the influence and power of the President would decline markedly. In the light of what has been happening lately, we are now preparing to eat our words.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE SLUM . . .

ONE PURPOSE of the midwinter meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council in Puerto Rico was to consider ways and means of organizing Puerto Rico's six hundred and fifty thousand workers—a fact which became somewhat obscured as a result of the exchange about "sunny beaches" and "golf-playing millionaires" between President Eisenhower and Walter Reuther. But this aim of speeding up union organization on the island made even more striking the complaint about conditions on the mainland which was voiced to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. council by John J. McNiff, executive secretary of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists in New York.

With the cooperation of venal employers, Mr. McNiff charged, labor racketeers are continuing to victimize Puerto Ricans in New York. The A.C.T.U. itself has long been engaged in a courageous, little-noticed battle on behalf of Puerto Rican and Negro victims of "sweetheart contracts" between corrupt union locals and exploiting employers. About a year and a half ago, A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders and city officials vowed to join in cleaning up an unsavory situation. Despite this pledge, however, Mr. McNiff said, little has been done.

"Lately independent racket unions have been mushrooming at a fantastic pace," he charged. "It is a sad truth that today, after all the exposure and all the promises of reform and assistance, after all the committees and banquets, the exploited worker is still very much in the same position he was long before his cause became popular."

These are harsh words and serious charges. We hope labor leaders and elected officials will give them the attention they deserve.

SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA

THE ACKNOWLEDGED collapse of Virginia's legal resistance to desegregation in the schools, a collapse which caught many segregationists by surprise, augured well for the peaceful implementation of the Supreme Court decision. And the schools in Arlington, Norfolk and Alexandria reluctantly accepted the token desegregation which marked official acceptance of the inevitable.

In Front Royal, Virginia, however, the situation still remains clouded and uncertain. For when the school opened recently only twenty-two students appeared for class, and they were all Negroes. The eight hundred white children who normally would have enrolled continued in their improvised, private, segregated school system.

Meanwhile the boycott has been orderly and nonviolent. The twenty-two Negroes continue to attend class in a school designed for a thousand students. And they will apparently wait there until the white students learn that the desegregated public school is preferable to their segregated private schools.

MR. WALLACE'S VOTE

THE PRESIDENTIAL campaign of 1948 is only a little over ten years old. One can still recall with clarity, and some amusement, the upset Gallup polls and the Chicago *Tribune* headline which declared Dewey victorious—and the happy smile of the actual victor, the doughty Harry S. Truman. One can also recall, with a little more effort, the speeches of the Progressive candidate for President, Henry Wallace. His supporters saw Harry Truman as dangerously far right of Wallace as Truman supporters saw Dewey.

Is it a sign of the times, or merely a sign of how rapidly our times change, that the Progressive candidate for that year has disclosed that in 1956 he voted for Dwight D. Eisenhower? He gave his reasons in discussing his choice in the coming campaign. "I will be for the person who will do a real, imaginative job on the foreign front, in the interest of world peace," Mr. Wallace said. "That's why I voted for Ike."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christians in the Arab World

The Arab revival is not an Islamic revival. Religion and religious prejudice are as much in retreat before technology in the Arab world as in ours.

by ALAN NEAME

THE ARAB WORLD is an archipelago in which generalizations break down; some distinctions, however, can be drawn. The first is that the upsurge of Arab nationalism, with its successive revolts and revolutions, while directed against the colonial powers of the West, is in fact based on ideals of social justice and national dignity promoted by the Western world. The French Revolution is usually the first chapter of European history to be studied by Arab children in secondary school. President Nasser told a colleague of mine that his favorite boyhood reading had been *A Tale of Two Cities;* he was on the side of Doctor Manette. I heard Saeb Salaam, leader of the Arab Nationalists in Lebanon, say that he drew his inspiration from the Easter Rebellion of 1916.

The second distinction to be drawn is that the Arab revival is not an Islamic revival in the religious sense. In revolutionary countries where the internal objectives are land reform, resettlement, irrigation and industrialization, religious elements (with whatever legacy of prejudice or fanaticism that may have survived from the days of the Turkish Caliphate) exert less influence on public affairs than economists, scientists, agronomists and statisticians. Religion and religious prejudice are as much in retreat before technology in the Arab world as in ours.

Where friction exists between Moslems and Christians in the Middle East, it is not generated by the questions: What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He? Confessional positions have been fixed for the last thousand years. Apart from the occasional mixed marriage, conversion rates from Islam to Christianity or Christianity to Islam are minute.

Missionary activity by foreign Christian groups in the Middle East, apart from what might be called the apostolate of example and moral education in Christian schools accepting Moslem students, is confined to inter-conversion between the Christian sects themselves. By the regulations of most Islamic states, Christian schools are permitted to function on condition that there shall be no proselytizing. I am not competent to speak of the French missions in North Africa, but in six years of teaching in the Middle East I did not hear of a single Moslem student's desiring Baptism, nor of a Christian teaching institution's accepting a convert. Conversions would embarrass school and state.

Confident in this armistice, a surprisingly large number of Moslems do receive their education from Jesuits and Christian Brothers and other teaching orders and societies, Catholic and Protestant. In Lebanon, Jordan and Iraq, relations of mutual respect and affection have grown up over the years and continue to flourish despite constitutional upheavals. In Egypt, where educational relations are more strained, the tension should not be attributed primarily to confessional prejudice on the part of the state, but to a desire at once to organize education on a more egalitarian basis and to eliminate the last trace of the capitulations associated with the colonial past; foreign schools permit of analogies with foreign courts or foreign canal companies. And this leads us to the true ground of conflict in those countries where it exists.

IN THE LAST hundred years of relations between the West and the Moslem world (as in the Crusading period before), not only foreign Christians but the local Christian minorities enjoyed a position of political and economic privilege in predominantly Moslem countries. British and French alike leaned on local Christians; the Christians reciprocally leaned on the British, French and more recently the Americans.

Believing that "the arm of flesh" would always be

Mr. Neame, a teacher and journalist, served until recently as correspondent for the London *Tablet* in the Middle East.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there to protect them, local Christian groups antagonized majorities among whom they would always have to live. When "the arm of flesh" was withdrawn, resentment, violence and sometimes massacres were the unhappy result of minority imprudence: Maronites (1860), Armenians (1894), Assyrians (1933) and practically a religious war in Lebanon (1958). With such a history behind them, some Christians have been faced with a difficult choice in the growth of Arab nationalism: should they identify themselves with their former persecutors in the new national states, or continue to rely on foreign powers whose policy hitherto has been hostile, but largely unavailing, towards the new and successful nationalist movement?

This predicament was sharply highlighted in Lebanon last year. The tiny state, one-seventh the size of Eire, is the seat of no less than seven Patriarchs and has a constitution so adjusted as to give Christians a preponderant influence in government. Yet even here, according to figures from the Maronite Patriarchate, the adherents of the seven Christian bodies together number at most forty per cent of the total population of one and one-half million, and possibly only thirty-five per cent. This minority has until recently enjoyed an ascendancy devised by the French.

The civil war in 1958 was basically fought on the question of whether the Lebanese Christian oligarchy had the right to pursue a policy hostile to Arab nationalism (as manifest in the United Arab Republic), contrary to the will of the majority of Lebanese citizens. The civil war never actually turned into a religious war because a large proportion of Christians led by the Maronite and Melchite Patriarchs and prominent laymen rejected the traditional "arm of flesh" policy and opted with the Moslem majority for friendly neutrality towards the United Arab Republic on the one hand and the West on the other. Through the public utterances of these two Catholic Patriarchs, the voice of Rome spoke with wisdom and realism: Live at peace with your neighbors; reconcile yourselves with your Moslem brothers, as sons of a Universal Father.

The Catholic *Phalanges,* a para-military sub-fascist organization appealing to the young, took no notice of such counsel, and many other Christians found the Patriarchal admonition too novel to be acceptable. Nonetheless, its effects were remarkable elsewhere, not only among Christians but, very strikingly, among Moslems. In Moslem shop windows, next to the photograph of Adnan Seoud, a Moslem bank-messenger of twenty-two who was killed while storming the palace of the renegade Moslem Prime Minister, appeared the portrait of His Beatitude Boutros-Boulos al-Meouchi, Maronite Patriarch of Antioch and all the Orient, captioned: Patriarch of all the Arabs.

If any one man saved the Christians of Lebanon (and by attraction, the Christians dispersed throughout the Middle East) from rushing to utter catastrophe, it was the Maronite Patriarch. If any power saved the Christians from branding themselves forever as traitors to Arab nationalism and as agents of Western imperialism, it was the Holy See with its anti-Communist policy in stable states and its anti-colonialist policy in shaky ones. Indeed, the death of Pope Pius XII was greeted with more obvious regret by Moslems and Christian moderates than by the Phalangists, self-constituted champions of an all-Catholic Lebanon.

TO DRUM UP opinion against Nasser's U.A.R., the Lebanese Phalangists used to claim among other horrors that Christians were persecuted in the Southern Province. What is the situation in Egypt? Again we must distinguish between native-born Christians and foreign resident Christians. Their cases are different.

There is no evidence so far that the Copts, heirs of the ancient Pharaonic race, have suffered any religious disability as a result of the Egyptian Revolution. For Coptic soldiers the Egyptian Government has negotiated a bulk order of Bibles with the Foreign Bible Society through the good offices of the Anglican Chaplain in Beirut. There is a Coptic Minister in the Revolutionary Cabinet (Agriculture).

Foreign Christians resident in Egypt have been adversely affected by the new nationality, finance and education laws, but these measures have struck at their privileges as foreigners rather than as Christians. Members of old-established foreign communities (Italian, Greek and Lebanese) have been offered the choice of taking nationalization papers and assuming full obligations as Egyptian citizens—including service with the armed forces—or of departing. If they choose to leave, the finance law virtually prohibits the export of capital from Egypt. This hits all foreigners; only Lebanese propagandists have represented it as an offensive against the Catholic Faith.

The new education law lays down that appropriate religious instruction be available for all students; that admissions to schools be on a regional basis; that Moslem students be permitted the Friday holiday; and that textbooks be chosen or approved by the Ministry of Education. Rather than hear the Koran read on Christian premises, renounce the right to select students on confessional or economic grounds, suffer timetable dislocations resulting from the additional Friday holiday, fasts and festivals, or endure textbook muddles due to bureaucratic confusion in the Ministry, a number of foreign Christian schools have preferred to liquidate themselves. So have foreign non-confessional schools in some cases.

In the northern province of the U.A.R., it is more difficult to know what is happening. Deep-seated internal tensions have not been relaxed overnight by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Act of Union of 1958. The commercial rivalry between the two great Syrian cities of Damascus and Aleppo is an ancient historic fact. What is good for Damascus is usually bad for trade in Aleppo, and vice versa. Damascus is now in the ascendant; Aleppo has a large Christian population. Those reports of discontent in Aleppo which reach the world via the Christian press in Beirut are probably exaggerated, but it is true that last summer a convent school was burnt down in an Aleppo riot. That the situation did not deteriorate into confessional strife may be largely attributed to the influence of the Maronite Patriarch on his Syrian congregations.

IN JORDAN, where the nationalist balloon has not yet gone up, the Christian middle-class, not very numerous but well enough heeled, tend to support the monarchy as the best guarantor of their economic interests. There has from time to time been discussion about a general standardization of education between Jordan and the U.A.R., but the Christian Brothers, the Anglicans and other religious bodies continue unhindered to give a more attractive secondary education than that provided by the state schools of this unviable and artificial little kingdom.

The revolution in neighboring Iraq, occurring almost fortuitously, took not only the world but Iraq and even the revolutionaries themselves by surprise. Beyond their common determination to abolish the monarchy and abrogate its anti-nationalist policy, their aspirations were sweepingly vague, their proposed methods contradictory. The original components of the revolutionary group have now resolved themselves into Yugoslav-type near-Communists on the one hand, Arab Unionists on the other, with the former very much more powerful than the latter.

With such a mixed junta, relations between Iraq and the Holy See might have collapsed or at least been forgotten in the excitement. On the contrary; the Apostolic Delegate now found himself treated with a filial respect that he had never received under the monarchy; his hand was kissed at receptions by high-ranking officials—an exercise unheard of before. A telegram of deference was dispatched to Pope Pius XII. Letters from the Holy See were studied and answered, whereas in the days of Feisal II they had been thrown unopened into the royal wastebasket.

The new Government telegraphed its condolences to the Sacred College on the death of the Sovereign Pontiff; at the Solemn Requiem celebrated in the presence of the Director General of Protocol, the diplomatic corps, heads of religious orders and all the Bishops of the Eastern Rites, the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Etienne du Chayla is reported to have said that when he had last been received in audience with the Pope, "the latter asked him to convey his blessing to the Iraqi Government and people for a bright and *progressive* future."

The Minister of Guidance, commenting on these felicitous exchanges, told me that the revolutionary government in Iraq was deeply appreciative of the Holy Father's policy towards Arab nationalism in general, and of the conduct of the Cardinal of Lyons and the French clergy towards Algerian fugitives in particular.

The interim Constitution of the Iraqi Republic, while laying down that "Islam is the religion of the State" (Art. 4), affirms: "Citizens are equal before the law in their public rights and obligations and there shall be no distinction between them for reasons of race, origin, language, religion or belief" (Art.9) and that "Freedom of religions is safeguarded and religious rites shall be respected provided that they do not violate public order or are not contrary to public morals" (Art. 12).

Christian marriage and divorce remain matters for the religious courts as before. The laws of inheritance and other matters of family law remain unchanged as in the times of the Ottoman Empire and the more recent monarchy. No Iraqi Christian has been arraigned before the Revolutionary Courts on charges of treason or corruption in the general purge.

In the early days of the Revolution, there was some idea of adopting the Egyptian education law in Iraq. Specialists went to Egypt to study its application. The Government was not so much interested in applying the law to the private schools, notably Baghdad College (secondary and higher) run by the American Jesuits, as to the state schools to raise their standards.

"But suppose the law *were* imposed on you?" I asked one of the Fathers.

"We should accommodate ourselves," he replied. "Schools only work a five-day week back home in the States! We conform to the Ministry's curriculum now, and go beyond it. We hear the Koran read on the radio morning, noon and night anyhow."

Unlike the rival British Council School (now suppressed), Baghdad College never selected its students on a class basis; never sought to promote a class-system, as I heard the British Council Representative say he hoped to do; never compromised itself by vaunting a board of governors and patrons notorious for their corruption in the past and most of them under sentence of death today. For these reasons, and because the type of education it offers is practical, needed and appreciated, the Jesuit University of Baghdad will probably survive the next phase of Arabism.

The first phase has been the struggle for liberty; the next will be the struggle for unity—not at all the time when minorities should stick out their necks nor their well-wishers encourage them to anything but discretion. This is, indeed, a good working principle for Christians in all parts of the Arab world today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The professional hate-mongers operate on a mass-production basis

What Price Hate?

by JAMES RORTY

SINCE THE Supreme Court school desegregation decision of May 17, 1954, resistance to desegregation has been organized increasingly along military lines. Strategy and planning are the province of the politicians—the formidable Byrd machine in Virginia, Governor Faubus in Arkansas, Attorney General Cook in Georgia. But back of the lines—indeed for the most part well north of the Mason-Dixon line—are the munitions factories of what might be called the segregationist ordnance department: the professional hate-mongers, all of whom were in business long before May 17, 1954 and who, since the demand for hate of one sort or another is seemingly insatiable, expect to remain in business.

Since they are not in business for their ideological health, the hate-mongers are without exception pliantly eclectic and pragmatic with respect to doctrine. They hate Jews even more, if anything, than they hate Negroes and Communists. They hate the Catholic Interracial Council no less than the Southern Regional Council, which is Protestant. Currently, the most popular item in the arsenal of these Apostles of Discord is a synthetic amalgam which fuses patriotic hatred of the Communists with subversive hatred and defiance of the Supreme Court, racist hatred of Jews and Negroes and regional hatred of Northern scalawags and carpetbaggers of whatever faith or race they may be.

This offering is mass-produced in slightly varying forms by all the leading hate-merchants. Because most Americans have only a theoretic knowledge of these hate-sheets, it may be valuable to take a hard, close look at them.

One of the most popular brands is fabricated in the Union, New Jersey hate-factory operated by a Conde McGinley, publisher of the monthly hate-sheet *Common Sense*. Except for the offerings of friendly competitors like Frank Britton, Elizabeth Dilling, and Robert H. Williams, *Common Sense* carries no advertising. Yet it costs only a dollar a year (except when mailed in a first class, stamped envelope, when the price is tripled). To quantity purchasers the price is one dollar for thirty copies, three dollars for a hundred, ten dollars for five hundred. Is this a business? It undoubtedly is, when you consider that Mr. McGinley owns and operates his own press and so can make a fair profit on bulk orders, which for some issues may run into the hundreds of thousands.

The August 1957 issue of *Common Sense* is still a hot item on the McGinley trade list. The first page is headlined "N.A.A.C.P. LEADERS WITH THEIR COMMUNIST-FRONT CITATIONS!" It exhibits the photographs of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, W. E. D. DuBois, Roy Wilkins, Thurgood Marshall, and Arthur Spingar, the last-named being described as "A Zionist Jew and President of the N.A.A.C.P. Has Contact with many Communist-front organizations." Inside pages display the faces of Channing Tobias, Paul Robeson, Hulan E. Jack (New York's Manhattan Borough President), Dr. Ralph Bunche, Herbert Lehman, and Felix Frankfurter. Several columns are devoted to the affiliations of these personages with organizations labeled as Communist fronts by the Attorney General or by various Congressional and state investigating committees.

The gist of the McGinley tract is contained in this excerpt: "The two races have been living in harmony in the South for quite some time, and they understand each other. Jewish Communist organizers from New York have been agitating and indoctrinating young Negroes in the South, using false promises just as they did with the Hungarian workmen to secure their support in Communizing Hungary. Later, when Jewish Communism had full control of Hungary, the workers asked for recognition and were slaughtered. Now in 1957 *Common Sense* states positively that the N.A.A.C.P. is a Communist-dominated agitation group which has never had a Negro as head of the organization since it was organized and financed by the Communist Garland Fund. A Jew has always headed the National Association for the Agitation of the Colored People. (A more appropriate name for the N.A.A.C.P.)"

THIS IS what Southern segregationists are told they are fighting. Similar versions of this standard hate amalgam have been distributed by practically all the segregationist organizations of the South, from the

Mr. Rorty is the author of *Advertising: His Master's Voice* and *Tomorrow's Food*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relatively respectable Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties of Virginia, to the Ku Klux Klan and other extremist groups like the National Committee to Free America From Jewish Domination, the revived Knights of the White Camelia, the National States Rights Party, and John Kasper's Seaboard White Citizen's Council.

In 1956 Kasper, who had published and sold much hate literature in his book shops in New York and Washington, D. C., produced an *avant garde* hate-pamphlet of his own and distributed it during his rabble-rousing forays into Charlottesville, Virginia and Clinton, Tennessee. It is entitled "Virginians Awake!" and reveals extensive borrowings from the later cantos of Kasper's idol, Ezra Pound.

> Jail the N.A.A.C.P.! Hang the Supreme Court Swine! Destroy the Reds! Save the white!
> Now damn all race-mixers . . . they stink:
> Roos, Harry and Ike.
> God bless Jeff/Jax & John Adams, also Abe.
> Loathe carpetbag, despise
> Scalawag. Hate mongrelizers. (pink punks, flat-chested high-brows. Homos, perverts, freaks, golf-players, poodle dogs, hot-eyed Socialists).
> Fabians, scum, mould on top of the omelette,
> Myerization of News,
> Liars for hire, the press-gang, degenerate liberals crying for
> Petrefaction of putrefaction, complaining s—t used to be blacker and richer, Social democrats, new dealers,
> Said Ben: Better keep 'em out or yr/grand children will miss you . . .
> Death for usurers, money monopolists, obstructors of Distribution international finance, World Bank and Bunk, Unesco currency, Federal Reserve racket Barney Baruch's checkbook, Schiff and Warburg finance Bolshevik refolooshun 1917, Lehman finances Newhouse $$Birmingham News.

Although those to whom this exhortation was addressed may have missed the erudite Poundian references, they responded to the extent of staging a first-class riot in front of the Anderson County Courthouse. The bombing of the Clinton High School two years later may also be considered as testimony to Kasper's effectiveness as a literary rabble-rouser.

Next to Conde McGinley's Union plant, the next most important hate-factories now in production are located in Los Angeles, where Frank Britton publishes *The American Nationalist,* and in St. Louis, headquarters of John Hamilton, a former lieutenant of Gerald L. K. Smith. Hamilton and his associates (he himself is at the moment in jail for a morals conviction) publish the *White American News Service* and a monthly magazine, *The White Sentinel.* Similar but smaller hate enterprises are conducted south of the Mason and Dixon line by Lacey Jeffreys, publisher of *The Virginian,* issued from Newport News, Virginia; by the Klan sympathizer Parson Jack Johnston, editor of the *Georgia Tribune,* published from Columbus, Georgia; by Don Bell and Upton Close, editors of the *Don Bell Report* and *Closer Up,* published in Palm Beach, Florida.

In Jeffersonville, Indiana, just across the line from Louisville, Kentucky, a group of violently anti-Semitic hate-mongers publish *The Thunderbolt.* Interestingly, a magazine with the same masthead was published in 1947 and 1948 by an organization calling itself The Columbians, equipped with all the standard fascist paraphernalia of armbands and uniforms, and addicted to street brawling. The current *Thunderbolt* presents itself as the organ of the National States Rights Party, formed by a merger with the so-called United White Party and a number of other segregationist groups.

IN ADDITION to *The Thunderbolt,* recruits to the National States Rights Party automatically get both *The Virginian* and *The White Sentinel.* In general, all the hate-publishers, North and South, appear to exchange mailing lists and eke out their endless repetitions of the standard N.A.A.C.P.-Communist-Jew amalgam with mutual borrowings. They also celebrate the same heroes, including the late Senator McCarthy and retired Admiral John G. Crommelin of Alabama, who ran unsuccessfully for the Senate on an anti-Semitic platform (Admiral Crommelin is favored by *The Thunderbolt* as a Presidential candidate in 1960).

In 1954, Admiral Crommelin helped to organize the Ten Million Americans for McCarthy Rally held in Madison Square Garden on the night of November 29. In his subsequent campaign for the United States Senate, Admiral Crommelin employed the services of John Kasper as publicity director, and when Kasper was jailed, the Admiral did his best to spring him.

Some of the current hate literature is custom-tailored to the requirements of particular segregationist operations. The National Urban League is, of course, a conservative, non-political welfare organization, concerned primarily with extending employment opportunities for Negroes, and not, like the N.A.A.C.P., directly involved in the school desegregation fight. Yet today the League's Southern affiliates are struggling for their lives against segregationist attackers armed with *The White Sentinel* and pamphlet literature supplied by John Hamilton's National Citizens' Protective Association in St. Louis.

As a result of these attacks, five of the League's Southern affiliates—those in New Orleans, Jacksonville, Richmond, Fort Worth and Little Rock—have been ousted or forced to resign from the local Community Chests. In every case, contributors to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

League were mailed three carefully tailored pamphlets aimed at undermining the League's financial support by misrepresenting its function and maligning its leadership. The first leaflet was entitled "Community Chests Support Race-mixing: Give Urban League over $2,000,000 a Year!"; the second, "Community Chests Support Subversive Organizations: 21 Indictments against Urban League." The final leaflet is entitled simply, "Where Does Your Money Go?"

With the possible exception of John Kasper's extraordinary opus, the current hate publications are not literally incendiary or explosive; they don't urge their readers to burn the homes of N.A.A.C.P. organizers or to bomb synagogues. (There have been eighty-three bombings or attempted bombings in the South since May, 1954.) But when the authors of these outrages are apprehended they are usually found to be constant readers of the leading hate publications. Both Wallace Allen and George Bright, arrested and tried for the bombing of the Atlanta synagogue, were members of the National States Rights Party, and as such, recipients of *The Thunderbolt, The White Sentinel* and *The Virginian.*

On the basis of the available evidence and of existing law, it is not possible to charge the publishers of this anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-libertarian literature with incitement to violence; it would be difficult even to convict them of libel. If they were blue-sky stock promoters, the post office inspectors would soon have them by the heels; if instead of hate they were peddling quack cancer cures, the Federal Trade Commission and the Food and Drug Administration would have power to intervene. But when the hate-mongers go to jail, if they do, it is for irrelevant violations of the criminal code, as in the case of John Hamilton, or contempt of a court order, as happened to John Kasper.

Does this mean that our society is insufficiently protected against the venal or fanatical hate-monger? Do we need a new law, or a censor? For years the idea has been recurrently suggested, but with the possible exception of an abortive proposal some years ago by the American Jewish Congress, it has never received the support of any organization representing the minorities chiefly affected. Censorship, they feel, is a double-edged sword which had best be left in its scabbard, except perhaps in wartime.

Better, almost everyone agrees, to endure the mouthings of a Conde McGinley or a John Hamilton than weaken the free press which can be counted upon to expose and contain them. Better to insure that such as they may never be in a position to censor others, as they undoubtedly would if they had the power.

CONNOISSEUR OF ECCENTRICS

The Protean Joyce Cary

by MAX COSMAN

THOSE CRITICS are not necessarily captious who point out that Joyce Cary, though a writer with merits mortised in more than the quarter of a century in which he flourished, has a limitation or two. If his panoramic Nigerians and children and Anglo-Irish be excepted, then the characters he has treated at full length, his Johnson, Sara, Wilcher, Jimson, Tabitha, Bonser, Gollan, Rose, Nimmo, Latter, and Nina, for all their diversified aliveness, turn out to be rather narrow in range. The men are either fact-bound creatures or free-leaping empyreans (a boyhood item about a friend who thought he could fly and actually made the attempt—he broke his leg—shows how early Cary found one of his templets); the women, even more circumscribed, are various composites of such archetypes as Defoe's Moll, Milton's Eve, and, properly enough, Wordsworth's Woman Nobly Planned.

More narrowly as craftsman, Cary also has something to answer for. Writing with omnivorous zest—something short or long of character in situation always in process, as he has told us—he was bound to allow things without distinction to be published. Though novels like *Castle Corner* are also involved, Cary's facility of expression shows its questionable side more readily, of course, in his short stories. A number of these, like some of Graham Greene's and for similar reasons, are no more than field sketches or otherwise undeveloped efforts. True, they make up an interesting group, but to rate them as more than oddments is to overrate them.

It is no harping on the matter, surely, to add that working in terms of the picaresque or the mosaic as

Mr. Cosman is a frequent contributor to various American critical and scholarly journals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cary did, he often seems to have come to feel that rendition of experience was its own excuse for being. Nothing else so readily explains what some have called his over-evenness of tone but which can more critically be seen as a creative euphoria in which either gusty detail jostles gusty detail in a blaze of story, or, circumstances altering, the dramatic is joined indistinguishably to the non-dramatic in some accretion of a steady narrative.

Such limitations may not be those of someone alien to the use of Prospero's staff but they certainly are those of one come late to it. The fact, of course, is that Cary's formative years were spent in activities of no immediate import to a writer. Squirearchal sprig (his family were lords of the manor in Ireland), trier-out of art (he studied at Edinburgh and in Paris), military adventurer (he joined up in a Montenegrin battalion in the Balkan War), a member of the Nigerian Political Service (after some action and a wound in World War I he returned to political duties as magistrate and executive officer in Borgu), he came to the world of words only after illness unfitted him for the world of action.

AT THE RISK of underlining the obvious, let this particular be emphasized: it was but his body that ailed. His mind, an idiosyncratic nexus of noblesse oblige, artist's afflatus, ideational freedom, and critical curiosity, was unimpaired. As a result, when he set to work in the new realm, he brought with him the same spirit he had put, say, into polo in Africa. Incidentally, his report on the sport, like George Orwell's on the shooting of an elephant in Burma, adds testimony to what a reading of non-Kiplingesque material has long since made clear: that of the compulsions which servants of an empire always worked under, none was more unpleasant than precisely that of appearing superior, come what risk might to one's neck. And the risks, to be sure, were invariably there.

Despite his impetuosity Cary kept himself at craft drill for better than a decade. *Art and Reality,* though written long after his study, shows how carefully he went through the great tradition of the novel, not only in English but in Russian and French. Ever aware of his talents and the need to present a true account to his Maker, he kept measuring his trial works against the best that had been done, that is, the masterpieces of Dostoevsky and Defoe, Fielding and Jane Austen, Tolstoy and Dickens, Hardy and Flaubert, Conrad, Lawrence and James among others, and, like the unaffected student he was, continued to crystallize for himself what was to be his practice in the inextricable joinery of form and content.

When he published his first work (*Aissa Saved* in 1932, the date of still another novel about Africans, *Black Mischief,* by a young, satirical Evelyn Waugh), he was forty-four. Two things he now knew: that admire them as much as he would, the ways of Proust and Joyce were not to be his, that his own forte was to be a sort of empathic possession of any character he was prepared to deal with. ("He is 'the one Proteus' of the English novel today," says Walter Allen in one of the British Council pamphlets.)

The years approved his conclusions. As his productions multiplied, the Nigerian sequence giving way to childhood resumes like *A House of Children,* and these in turn to the Monday-Wilcher-Jimson syndrome of *Herself Surprised* et al, and these duly to the Nimmo trilogy beginning with *Prisoner of Grace* and ending with *Not Honour More,* his protean impersonation of characters became his most differentiating characteristic. Noticeable in third person narratives, it was still more apparent in those he wrote in the first person. Indeed, it is but simple justice to say that since 1932, and not overlooking fellow practitioners in the multiple novel like L. P. Hartley, Forrest Reid, Anthony Powell, and C. P. Snow, no one did more with the technique of the perpendicular pronoun than he. In this connection, something of doubtful success should be recorded. His slipping into the historic present in *Mister Johnson, Charley Is My Darling,* and *A Fearful Joy,* though a valid turn of the stylistic screw, unfortunately yields about as much oddity as it does reality.

REALITY: here we come to the heart of Cary as we come to the heart of any significant writer to whom the question is put. Reality for Cary, there is reason enough to believe, refers not so much to the morality of objective presentation nor to the interplay between will and authority nor to the advancement of the creative spirit nor to the posing of good and evil in people nor yet to the observation of characters condemned to dread freedom, nor, taking a leaf from something he himself has said, to the justifying of life to the feelings; it is, rather, to that which subsumes all of these suggestions, namely, to his application of good sense to the perennial urgencies of man.

For in any cross section of Cary's dealings with the stuff of existence, what does one find? Good sense and ever more good sense at work. Start with his ideas of art since they are so central to his thought. As might be expected, art to him is no formulation of the dispensable in life. On the contrary: as a selection from the elements of life, art must move for and within life, consonant only to the theme or vision of the given artist. How sensibly he speaks out. For example: "This selection, this tone, this emphasis is art." Or: "We can say that the whole impact of art is personal; it works in and by personality." The place of intuition in art, the role of education in the artist's development, the changing meanings that time brings to art—at no juncture are we left with the feeling that what is on the board is too good for human nature's daily use.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As in esthetics so in sociology—always an aura of sense. Take the term "the mass mind." Before Cary finishes with it, we are no longer certain of our hitherto too-easily-granted assent to its truth. Primitives, he proves, may rightly have such state of mind ascribed to them; it is inherent in their collective existence. But to belabor people like ourselves with it is "our favorite folly." "The mass demand," he goes on refreshingly apropos of a trait presumably illustrative of the massified mind, "is not a proof of falling standards: it means that millions are being educated who would formerly have been left in the illiterate mass." Which certainly takes up an unexpected lance in favor of some of our denigrated citizens.

As is to be hoped for, Cary's sturdiness of judgment operates in moot matters no less than in those safe. Consider his views on a subject like that of the relationship between a ruling race and those ruled. As a former representative of imperial power, he might not surprise us if he were to do some double-talking, but he does nothing of the kind. In his African novels as well as in scattered bits elsewhere, there is indication enough that at times in the consorting of peoples one cannot tell who is ruling whom, and that in the final analysis, since a master-slave set-up is untenable, one might just as well act in favor of getting the subject race ready for self-government. Can it be done? In *The Case for African Freedom,* put out so far back as 1941, he answers, unhesitatingly, Yes. "Racial differences may be deep," he writes, "but no race exists, except perhaps a few remnants of the primitive bushmen, which is not capable of that degree of education and responsibility necessary to carry on the modern state."

SO IT GOES: the rational yet eager mind functioning whether the topic be The Way a Novel Gets Written, Political and Personal Morality, The Meaning of England, or The True Feelings of the British toward Americans, and of Americans toward the British. Cary is most touching, however, in his posthumous novel, *The Captive and the Free.* Barely finished, since he was in the clutches of the progressive paralysis which brought him to his end on March 29, 1957, this dialogue on man's connection with God and church is his last full measure of devoted sense.

Here, it is soon apparent, is no bumptiousness, no denial either of the divine fact or the human fact. Preedy the faith healer, like his predecessors in the unique before him, Jimson most notably, is a typical, feckless human being. A former drunkard with a Lolita itch, he is for all his present respectability at the Pant's Road Mission still much of a muddler and a conniver. But by some inscrutability he is also on occasion an authentic conduit for God's power, and despite distortions created by representatives of institutional piety or impiety, this is the overriding consideration presented to us, make of it what we may. The implication is that in our respective ways we had each one of us better make something of it, since God *is* and without Him is nothing but mockery.

Neither atheist nor agnostic, it comes as a matter of course to hear Cary's friend David Cecil speak of him as "a profoundly religious spirit of that intensely individual and protestant kind which cannot find fulfilment in any corporate body." Religionist, then, in the tradition of his oft-referred-to Bunyan, humane being too, but, more specifically still, thinker with a sense of balance, Cary is a much-needed contrast to Byronic posturers and egocentric whiners. His work too is corrective, helping to right, as it does, the balance pulled down for some time now on the side of the immature and the off-beat. Judging its future in the light of the slow but growing appreciation it has had, one should not hesitate to say that it will endure.

Gloss on a Text from the Mansions

A sensible woman turned to poetry
who knew someone who saw her place in hell's
pitch-rooting pool, a consequence of prayer.
The King was in the center of that place,
which is the soul, as in the thick-leaved heart
of the palmito, and Teresa said:
Here, we are free.

And those who walk in the vicinity,
no longer fools and traitors, parallel
Augustine who looked everywhere
but in. The hedgehog and the tortoise,
  carapaced,
convey the same. But if the King for his part
has not appeared to hear us we must shed
the simple understanding,

swim outward into undiscursive seas.
He drowns with light who spouses you and tells
the will within this dazzle how to share
the intolerable burden of this grace.
(How few his friends are who can bear the art.)
My God the noises it makes in the head,
of brimming rivers.

So upward is the soul's velocity.
Well, it would be the end of us unless
his majesty had set us to prepare
against ourselves. Who, looking back, could face
the way again? Light falls apart.
And we must be like men who never fled
the thriving dark.

CAROL JOHNSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CUT OFF FROM THE MAINE

HOW EASY it is, especially in these days of general affluence, to forget the poor. I am writing this from my office on the top of a fifty-five-storey skyscraper in the heart of Manhattan. From this height, all below seems calm, orderly, prosperous. The traffic flowing endlessly across the bridges, the luxury liners sailing proudly down the rivers, the distant hum of industry, streamlined new office buildings rising in every direction—the symbols of opulence are on all sides.

Yet, seen from this height, the image is blurred. Hidden in the shining city down there are pockets of poverty and despair all too easy to ignore or forget. It may seem that America's problems are largely questions of what to do about our abundance. But for some who live on those hidden streets below, such problems have no meaning. American abundance to them is a bitter joke. It is easy, in our preoccupation with the problems of suburbia, to forget the slums.

One person who has not forgotten is a twenty-six-year-old reporter named Dan Wakefield, who up to now has done most of his writing for the *Nation*. I know Dan Wakefield slightly. He is a modest, shy, soft-spoken young man who has been gifted with the greatest endowment a journalist can have—curiosity. He has his full share, too, of the next most important talents—a love of people unstained by sentimentality, and a disciplined capacity for indignation.

Wakefield's first book was published this month, *Island in the City: The World of Spanish Harlem* (Houghton Mifflin. $4.). It is a report, highly personal in tone, of the life led by thousands of New Yorkers who, for multiple reasons, are as cut off from the blessings of American affluence as the *fellahin* of Egypt. The report is personal in tone because before Dan Wakefield wrote the story he went to live in Harlem.

It all began when he ran across a few girls from the Catholic Worker who had moved to Spanish Harlem in order to work among the district's children. Through them he was introduced to this world he now sees as an island cut off from the rest of New York.

Until something better comes along, Wakefield's report must stand as the last word on Spanish Harlem. He sums up the general mood of the district by quoting a local spokesman: "I don't dig living in Harlem—that's a long story. People here, they live in this mess and they don't have any education or any chance to get out of it. I work hard, man, eight hours a day, and I'm shamed to tell you what I make. A guy down here, he's in it deep and he doesn't see any way out. Maybe he takes dope or alcohol, and he forgets—he wants to forget . . . . You envy—you get to envy and hate."

What the lack of education, the envy and hatred lead to are set down in brutal detail. Wakefield tells about the "world of the spirits," as he calls it—the strange magical superstition that exists side by side in Spanish Harlem with the nominal Catholicism of the area. He tells of the remarkable growth of the Pentecostal sects among these Catholics who live in the richest and best organized archdiocese in the world. He writes in harrowing detail of the young seeking escape from the sordidness of their surroundings via a junkie's "trip to the moon." He describes the evil practice of hooking school children and of the hopelessness of the neighborhood maxim that "once a junkie, always a junkie." He quotes a young man who succeeded in kicking the habit: "I was lucky. There were thirty-six guys in my high-school class. I've lost track of some of them, but today there are only three I know of out doing something—me, one guy who's an air force pilot, and one who's an engineer. The rest I know are scattered in and out of jails and hospitals from here to Lexington."

All is not black, of course. Wakefield tells of some heroic efforts to improve the neighborhood and credits individuals who are building hopeful futures against great odds. He knows, as we all do, that though most will perish, out of these slums will rise some leaders of the future, just as leaders have always fought their way from the bottom of the American heap to the very top. But for this most recent group of "immigrants"—actually Puerto Ricans are all American citizens—the difficulties are harder than they were for other groups in the past. The people of Spanish Harlem are latecomers, at the end of the line, and American society is no longer as hospitable as it once was.

In Wakefield's story, a few Christians stand out against the common indifference of New York's millions of churchgoers. Wakefield of course tells about the Catholic Worker girls, who have since married and settled in the neighborhood. He also tells of the youthful ministers of the Protestant parish who have turned their backs on comfort and clerical respectability in order to share the poverty of their hopeless flock. These young clerics supply much needed leadership, as do a number of "Spanish" union organizers and political hopefuls—but leadership is as scarce as luxury in Spanish Harlem and there is little optimism in Wakefield's report.

Dan Wakefield does not preach or suggest a program of action. He does what a good reporter should do—he reports. But that is enough. The preaching takes care of itself.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STAGE

THE CHEERFUL LOBOTOMY

TO STUDENTS of the ways of the world, I would commend a therapeutic experience of Mr. Howard Nemerov's novel, *The Homecoming Game,* to be followed in shock by its Broadway mutation "Tall Story." Not that the latter may be thought of any consequence—a random farce idling its way to Hollywood—but that one might have some specific, horrid sense of the abused fate of intelligence in the brisk traffic of commerce. Mr. Nemerov's novel, written in the politic, Brooks Brothers prose of the new ironists, takes as its action and ostensible theme the repercussions of a "fixed" football game at an Eastern college of middling, Christian pretensions. Its deeper subject, radically felt, is reality piercing "the fictions which hold the civil world"; this, and what Mr. Lionel Trilling has elsewhere called the dangers of the moral life, that clouded enterprise of will by which we assume and establish the conditions of another's good, labor to fashion ourselves in the Socratic ideal of the just man, the French image of the man of sense, *honnête homme.* Mr. Nemerov strains too, a trifle visibly, after a statement of the mystique of football in American life—"the ideal maximum of violence, short of death or (it was hoped) serious injury, combined with the ideal maximum of the most pharisaical rationality and control"—and then, somberly, meditates on the elegiac pathos and poetry of that moment "in the darkening and scarred arena, when the heroes have gone home and human action has failed once again and the monks are singing on the steps of Ara Coeli." *The Homecoming Game* distills out of such cool wisdom of imperfection a very real secular terror, and only a certain determinism in the pattern—a pale, harsh clarity which Mr. Nemerov would be the first to admit as the cost and the climate of solitary reason—denies it a more resonant power.

Enter The Lindsay-Crouse, a combine of such dazzling efficiency that—I have heard told—they let not the sun go down before they account each to the other what has daily agitated their hot little brains. It was Mr. Evelyn Waugh who observed that the function of the screenwriter was to remark what gave a work of literature its identity, to isolate that, and kill it. Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse are industrious workers in this native vineyard. I should describe their operation on *The Homecoming Game* as a cheerful lobotomy: they have, that is, severed every nerve of thought, anesthetized every center of troubling reality, and released only the fatigued gaiety—academic variety—of Broadway folklore. Their first step is to replace football with basketball, a juvenile exercise of vastly less heroic implication. Then Mr. Nemerov's guiding intelligence, the historian Osman whose anguish of thwarted love and disastrous idealism is much related, in cruel wit no less than pathos, to his lingering youth, is translated into a remote and ineffectual don, winking, rheumy, amiably puttering over *boeuf Stroganoff* in his kitchen.

Alternatively, the novel's foil—the Jewish intellectual Solomon, sour with principle and failure, and shrilly embattled with his wife among the *goyim*—is projected into the foreground, where he may be taken as ludicrous caricature only: the iconoclast, shall we say, as boob. One might continue in this vein—Mr. Nemerov's wry, bold, sharply contemporary college girl diminished to the June Allyson of Alpha Sigma Delta; his fraudulently high-minded college president diluted into fatuity—were it not idle, and did not Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse jettison the whole moral burden of *The Homecoming Game*—its triggered sense of human action as the experiment perilous—by a ruthless substitution of cliché for whatever reality might abrade the indolent mind. I might add that the whole has been staged by Mr. Herman Shumlin with that musty fanaticism which consists, as Santayana said, in redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim.

So evil, or at least waste, may come of good, as the knowing Mr. Nemerov now doubtless freshly knows, but he will have still, I should think, the last laugh. For the major irony of "Tall Story" is that it comes off so mildly, its determined punch, frenzy and ideological embroidery withal. The intricate, hard fatality of *The Homecoming Game* stays alive in the mind, like a permanent question mark, while nothing remains of "Tall Story" but the duped recollection of a theater game which has been "fixed." *(At the Belasco.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH

SOPHIA LOREN and Anthony Quinn love the children who are theirs in "The Black Orchid," but find they are often a pain in the neck. Miss Loren plays a gangster's widow who prolongs her mourning and worries over her twelve-year-old son (Jimmie Baird), a problem child confined to a State Farm. And Mr. Quinn portrays a widower who's ready for marriage again now that his grown daughter (Ina Balin) is engaged to a very satisfactory young man. Assisted and even prodded by their enthusiastic friends in the Italian section of the city where the action takes

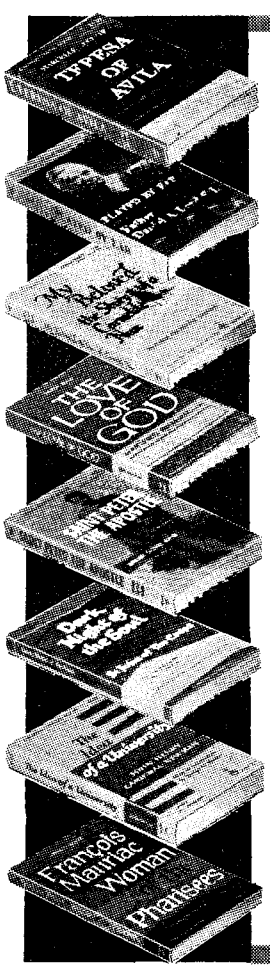
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place, Anthony and Sophia meet, fall in love and start planning their wedding. But their children are no help. Anthony's daughter starts quarreling with her young man (Mark Richman); her insistence that they move in with papa after their marriage is due not to lack of love for her financé but to concern over papa's interest in the widow of a *gangster*. In the meantime Sophia's wayward son, already becoming fond of Anthony, blames his mother for her unhappy first marriage and for putting off the second.

Although "The Black Orchid" sounds very soap-opera, it (like "Home Before Dark" last year) has more to offer than the platitudes of a daytime serial. The script, by Joseph Stefano who wrote the original story, the TV play and the movie version, has a pleasant warmth that takes some of the curse off the melodrama; and Martin Ritt has directed his good cast well, especially Sophia Loren, as the grim, guilt-ridden widow who finally succeeds in straightening out her future stepdaughter, and Anthony Quinn, who gives a first-rate performance as the perplexed father and ardent suitor. The scenes between Quinn and Loren are extremely touching, and alone are worth the price of admission.

THE ENGLISH have also come up with a sweet and sentimental tear-jerker, and if "A Cry from the Streets" has little direction it has plenty of big moments. Its plot concerns a group of deserted youngsters who live in a London children's shelter run by a couple who might well have inspired Dickens. And it also involves the nice social service worker (Barbara Murray) and radio repair man (Max Bygraves) who fall in love while they are trying to do right by their kids. The script by Vernon Harris includes a curious mixture of humor, tragedy and musical comedy; and Lewis Gilbert has directed his large cast in a mixture of styles that is guaranteed to win laughter and tears, but little reflection.

Some of the children are darling, especially Dana Wilson as a tough little tyke, the eldest of three waifs whose father just murdered their mother; Colin Petersen as a harmonica-playing youngster whose actress-mother is a drunk; and Sean Barrett as an older kid who was deserted by his mother (Kathleen Harrison) years ago. Whenever the sentiment gets too sweet or the story too realistically sad, Max Bygraves bursts into song or music-hall humor designed to cheer up the kids and audience. He often succeeds; and no doubt "A



JUST PUBLISHED!

The newest DOUBLEDAY

IMAGE BOOKS

"...making the world's finest Catholic literature available to all."

TERESA OF AVILA
Marcelle Auclair. A vital, vivid and realistic biography of the great mystic, theologian, author and saint, based on many heretofore unavailable documents and unusual first-hand research in Spain's Carmelite cloisters. D79 (Orig. $4.95) $1.35

PLAYED BY EAR:
The Autobiography of Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The moving story of one of America's most beloved priests and his penetrating thoughts and reflections on our own lives and times. D76 (Orig. $4.00) 95¢

MY BELOVED:
The Story of a Carmelite Nun. Mother Catherine Thomas. A revelation of life today in the Church's most austere and strictly cloistered order, written with sensitivity, compassionate humor and fascinating detail and based on the author's thirty years of Carmelite life. D77 (Orig. $3.50) 75¢

THE LOVE OF GOD
Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B. A masterful, comprehensive exposition of the main principles of spiritual life – an ideal introduction for laymen to the nature, conditions, expressions and effects of man's love for God. D81 (Orig. $3.00) 85¢

SAINT PETER THE APOSTLE
William Thomas Walsh. This vivid and dramatic biography is based on the New Testament, recent archaeological discoveries and years of painstaking research in many fields, and includes a superb recreation of the early days of the Church. D80 (Orig. $3.75) 95¢

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL
St. John of the Cross. One of the greatest masterpieces of all mystical literature by the sublime Spanish mystic, which has been called "the most grandiose and the most melodious spiritual canticle to which any one man has ever given utterance." Translated and edited by E. Allison Peers. D78 75¢

THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY
John Henry Cardinal Newman. The famous treatise on the philosophy of higher education by the Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland and one of the 19th century's most renowned churchmen. No modern theory of high education can be complete without giving this classic treatise consideration. Introduction by George N. Shuster. D75 $1.35

WOMAN OF THE PHARISEES
François Mauriac. This superb portrayal of a 'good' woman whose fanatic self-righteousness destroyed her entire self-centered world is held by many to be the finest novel of the Nobel Prize-winning author. D82 (Orig. $3.00) 75¢

A complete descriptive catalog is available on request. Please write to: **DOUBLEDAY IMAGE BOOKS**
575 Madison Avenue, New York 22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cry from the Streets" will please moviegoers whose preferences don't run to *High Wind in Jamaica* and *A Turn of the Screw.*

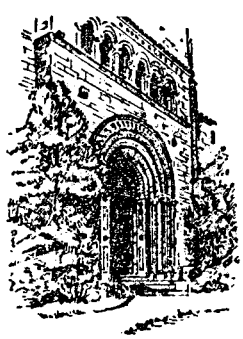
DONE IN an even stranger and more unlikely mixture of styles is the Hollywood musical called "Never Steal Anything Small." It is meant to be a satire about a labor leader who considers unions as a racket that will eventually make him boss of the New York waterfront. He lies, cheats, steals until he gets to the top—and he might have stayed out of jail at the finale if he hadn't fallen for the wife of the innocent young lawyer who naively does his dirty work. James Cagney is excellent as the union boss—tough and flip in his take-off on a stevedore leader, lightfooted and jaunty in his song-and-dance numbers. And he is surrounded by a group of appropriately hard-boiled hoods. Roger Smith is pleasantly vapid as his handsome and rather stupid young attorney; and Shirley Jones is properly pretty and attractive as this lawyer's wife who sets Cagney on his ear.

But the viewer is never quite sure how he is to take "Never Steal Anything Small." The script, written by Charles Lederer from Maxwell Anderson's and Rouben Mamoulian's stage play, "Devil's Hornpipe," gets almost too close to reality at times in its display of labor racketeering; and the jokes, while funny, are almost embarrassing. Allie Wrubel's music, like the musical numbers themselves, is mild and unpretentious for the clever lyrics by Maxwell Anderson. Shirley Jones shines in a satirical number called "It Takes Love to Make a Home," while Cagney, shining from one end of the movie to the other, is at his best in the title song and in an item he does with Cara Williams: "I'm Sorry, I Want a Ferrari." But the film never quite recovers from its indecision about whether it wants to be taken seriously or not.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE
Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph



Accredited Catholic college for women. Liberal arts and Science.

For further information write to the Registrar.

Prospective students should make early application

Seton Hill College

Four-year liberal arts college for women. Regional and national accreditation. Pre-professional training for medicine, law, social service. Elementary and secondary teacher education; art, music, home economics education. 200-acre campus in foothills of Allegheny Mts. east of Pittsburgh. All sports.
Catalog on request. Box K, Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.

MARYGROVE
may be the COLLEGE for YOU.
Why not find out?
Address the Registrar
Detroit 21, Michigan

COMMUNICATIONS

"CERTAIN POEMS"

Indianapolis, Ind.

TO THE EDITORS: In simple loyalty to the minority brotherhood of serious artists, I must protest the tone of the letters attacking Ned O'Gorman's sensible and just review of *Certain Poems,* by John Edward Hardy. The problem is not the question of whether Mr. O'Gorman is qualified to judge a poem, but the bigotry involved in the automatic scorn the expert seems to arouse in the non-expert. Mr. Marsh's statement "I accept The Commonweal's word that the critic is himself a poet" is a measure of what I mean; no serious reader of modern poetry must depend on The Commonweal's word concerning Mr. O'Gorman's work. He has just won the Lamont Poetry Prize for his scintillant book *The Night of the Hammer.*

But to him, I am sure, that is neither here nor there. The difference between a true critic and a mere attacker is, of course, a matter of humility. Mr. O'Gorman's honest admission that he didn't understand a passage became the target of much unwieldy sarcasm. Why? Experts and non-experts are still weighing what Hopkins meant by the wind-hover. Occasionally I have failed to understand Mr. O'Gorman, in the sense that I have failed to categorize his mushrooming symbols. I doubt that he would be insulted by this failure.

The moment a man says "Of course, I am only an ordinary reader" he is infuriating on two counts. First, he expects to be contradicted (but is often speaking the unfortunate truth). Next, he has obtusely missed the point of intelligent reading as opposed to routine reading, the point being precisely that what is extraordinary in a man will be x-rayed by his reading as much as by his loving or praying.

As for differentiating vision and language, that is not what Mr. O'Gorman intended. True, the poet offers us the words he uses, but people who do not recognize a true poem as greater than the sum of its parts had better stick to their lasts.

BETTE RICHART.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revelations of the Mind of Mann

THE LAST ESSAYS OF THOMAS MANN. Knopf. $4.50.

By RICHARD GILMAN

THERE IS a type of literary criticism, composed usually by poets and other writers with imagination, that subordinates explication and argument to the recording of an encounter. It is revelatory of the impact upon a sensitive mind of the mind and work of another, and it is naturally marked by idiosyncrasy and a weighting toward the privately valuable, by an anchoring in the mirror. In his meditation on literature that is not his own, the creative writer cannot help calling upon himself as brother, accomplice and double.

Here, in these last essays Thomas Mann wrote, we see how this necessity may be converted into rare freedom, the liberty of intimacy and shared language, the spaciousness of subjectivity. The essays are on Schiller, Goethe, Nietzsche and Chekhov, and their preoccupations, accents, strictures and affirmations tell us at least as much about Mann as about his subjects. Yet the truths are complementary and do not issue from separate sources; they are the result of interplay, engagement and the pressure of mind upon mind.

Schiller, Goethe and Nietzsche are among the founders of Mann's thought and imagination, the writers from whom he drew the primary elements of his style as well as his first habits of mind, and against whom he chose to test his growing accomplishment. He writes about them here like a traveler revisiting the scenes of his youth, easy in his recognitions but aware also of changed perspectives, erosions, displacements and new colors. This is particularly true of Nietzsche, whom Mann subjects to a radical revaluation. Only Chekhov, to whom Mann came late, and with the special appreciation with which one accepts a windfall in middle age, appears as someone never before met.

The piece on Schiller is the longest, yet the least rewarding. No doubt this is due to the fact that we no longer read Schiller much, having filed him away under the warning label "florid, romantic, of historical interest only," and so cannot easily follow Mann in his enthusiasm, though we suspect he is closer to the truth than we have been. Still, from this account of Schiller's passionate combat with the angel of art, in some ways like Mann's own, something does stand out, a truth concerning the perennial disposition of the forces within the human soul, that transcends specific literary judgments and compels our admiration.

"Fantasy on Goethe" is Mann's last dialogue with the figure who dominated his consciousness of himself as a writer and from whom he had always to assimilate strength and purpose, at the same time wrestling free. The essay is primarily an apostrophe to Goethe's creator's nature. Mann describes that as a "fusion of genius with rationalism, of mystery with clarity, of the cry *de profundis* with the polished phrase, of the poet with the man of letters, of lyricism with psychology." It is a description we can apply to Mann himself.

The essay on Nietzsche is superb, the most masterly of the four. Nietzsche suffered a full sea-change in Mann's thinking, but not into anything stranger or richer than before. From the depths of Mann's youthful memory, where he was held in "pity and reverence," the philosopher-poet is brought up into a new light under which he is judged severely, called a "super-journalist" and condemned for his two central errors—his overestimation of the extent to which reason has subjugated instinct, and his fallacious conception of life and morality as antagonists.

Yet there is no loss of compassion for Nietzsche's life of "inebriation and suffering," and no lessening of regard for what survives the madness and the grotesqueries. Nietzsche, Mann writes, was a "veritable resumé of the European spirit," who served as a sensitive indicator of the agonies that spirit had undergone, and was still to undergo, and who saw deeply if erratically into the causes of the torment. Mann advises us to lend him our ears but not our loyalty or belief, approaching him as he himself, in a moment of lucidity, advised his readers to do: with "cunning, irony, reserve."

The final essay, that on Chekhov, resumes the contemplative, discursive mood of the Schiller and Goethe pieces. Mann reflects on Chekhov's deceptively mild surfaces, his quiet irony and concern with truth at the expense of effects, and explores the implications of the Russian's reiterated fear that he was "fooling his readers" because he was not answering the "most important questions." He did not indeed answer the most important questions, Mann says, nor any questions at all. What he did was testify through art, and by the manner in which his life converged upon art, to that which Schiller, Goethe and Nietzsche in their different ways—and we may ourselves include Mann — also served as witnesses: the "difficulty and nobility of being human."

Symbolistic Tale

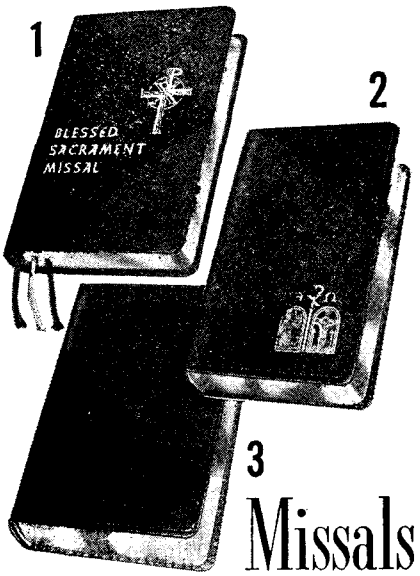
THOUSAND CRANES. By Yasunari Kawabata. Trans. by Edward G. Seidensticker. Knopf. $3.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

WHAT MAKES Yasunari Kawabata and other Japanese novelists such distinctive writers is the extent to which they are poets. The author of *Snow Country* suggests more than he tells, both about his characters and their story. Like the earlier novel, *Thousand Cranes* is a symbolistic tale in which the gesture is often more meaningful than is conventional action, while the word has eloquent restraint. The author is a poet of the gentlest shades, of the evanescent, the imperceptible.

This is a tragedy in soft focus, but its passions are as fierce, its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Missals

COMPLETELY UP-TO-DATE
NEW FEASTS—HOLY WEEK LITURGY
CONFRATERNITY EPISTLES AND GOSPELS

1 BLESSED SACRAMENT MISSAL
Edited by the Blessed Sacrament Fathers

The new exceptionally large type Missal for Sundays and Major Feastdays.
608 Pages Boxed 4⅛" x 6½"
- Imitation Leather, red edges.....$4.95
- Imitation Leather, gold edges.....$6.50
- Genuine Leather, gold edges.....$8.50

2 ST. MARY—MY EVERY DAY MISSAL AND HERITAGE
By Benedictine Monks of St. Mary's Abbey

A complete Missal published for American Catholics to use at Mass and for private devotions and instruction.
1382 Pages Boxed 4" x 6½"
- Imitation Leather, red edges.....$4.50
- Imitation Leather, gold edges.....$8.00
- American Morocco, gold roll, gold edges $12.00

3 THE NEW ROMAN MISSAL
By Rev. F. X. Lasance

A Missal designed especially for those who attend daily Mass—complete Latin and English.
1852 Pages Boxed 4½" x 6½"
- Cloth, red edges.....$7.75
- American Seal, gold edges.....$13.50
- Black Morocco, gold roll, gold edges, $16.50

At your local Bookstore

Or fill out Coupon Below and Mail Today!

BENZIGER BROTHERS, Inc.
6-8 Barclay Street, New York 8, N. Y.

Please send me the Missals checked below:

.....Blessed Sacrament Missal.....

.....St. Mary My Everyday Missal and Heritage.....

.....The New Roman Missal .....

Total.....

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

Sorry—No C.O.D.'S CN 12

destinies as implacable as those of Attic drama. Set in contemporary Japan, its pivotal figure is Kikuji, a young man in his twenties, who lives alone in the spacious suburban home of his parents, both of whom he has recently lost. Although he had sought to break clean of their world, Kikuji is suddenly called back to it by Chikako, an old family friend and short-term mistress of his father, who invites him to a tea ceremony to meet a nubile young lady.

The irony is that while Chikako is trying in her busy way to precipitate Kikuji into a new life it is she who in his fancy embodies the most painful memories of the old. By her invitation she all unwittingly sets in train a series of tragic events, which she nonetheless helps along once she sees where they are heading. Unexpectedly, her victorious rival for the heart of Kikuji's father, the beautiful Mrs. Ota, turns up at the gathering; no sooner have the young man's eyes met hers than the lure of the past—his father's secrets—is heavy upon him, and it is decided that he will know her as a woman.

The dead are struggling to possess the living: Kikuji and the woman his father had adored until his death are helplessly driven together in a passion further darkened by the hint of incestuousness. After one brief intimacy that is not to be repeated, the shadow of his father's guilt and that of Mrs. Ota consumes Kikuji as it has Fumiko, her daughter. Mrs. Ota saw in the mature Kikuji his father as she had dreamed of him; stunned at having engaged the son in a guilt she had deemed imperishable, she betrays her last slender tie with this world, her love for her daughter, she takes her own life in the hope that this sacrifice will move Kikuji to forgive her. But he is already enslaved: though she has disappeared he feels her presence more acutely. He turns to Fumiko, but it is her mother he loves in her. The girl is too well aware of the mortal bond between herself and Kikuji. In the end it is Chikako who is avenged of the past.

The simplicity of this dextrously compressed work resides in its stylization. In the West stylized frequently connotes the merely decorative; yet stylization continues to be the hallmark of Japanese artistry: it is a way of feeling as well as ordering. The style of Mr. Kawabata's prose, however, is uncompromisingly individual, and the psychological finesse of this work makes most occidental novels seem morbid or complacent. This novel is bold in a way that humbles the dredgings of our Freudian novelizers. It is just possibly its very independence of psychoanalytic trappings that attracts American readers by increasing numbers to Japanese fiction.

And yet this tale of possession and self-loathing is all analysis. Physically, nothing is too precisely drawn; it is the intangible that is made most tactile through the interlacing of the fugitive and eternal in time. And of all the themes touched upon by *Thousand Cranes*, perhaps the most poignant is that conflict within reality which compels the dream yet seals off its flight.

Classified

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs. IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC. 870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th) New York

Chesterton and Belloc

• All Chesterton's and Belloc's Books 250 Titles, Free Catalogue. Prosser, 3118 N. Keating, Chicago 41, Ill.

Sleep Learning

• EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"! Use your phenograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalog, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-CW, Olympia, Washington.

Handmade Wedding Bands

• HANDMADE LITURGICAL WEDDING BANDS. Renard A. Koehnemann, P.O. Box 575. Chesterton, Indiana.

Watercolor Prints

• ROME—Watercolor prints by Raimondi: St. Peter's; Fountain of Trevi; Colosseum. Three for $5. ELIAS, 116 Winslow Place, Garwood, N. J.

Advertising Rates

• CLASSIFIED: $1 a line (6 words), 2-line minimum. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: $10.78 per inch (minimum). DISCOUNTS: 3 times, 5%; 7 times, 10%; 13 times, 15%. Payable in advance. THE COMMONWEAL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Child Fallen Among Adults

DEVIL BY THE SEA. By Nina Bawden. Lippincott. $3.50.

By ALICE SAXON

IT IS TOO bad that the virtues of this little story are so disadvantageously used as to make the total effect one of only lesser importance and interest. Miss Bawden "writes well"; that is, she perceives subtle truths in the dispositions and reactions of her characters and evokes her perceptions with an immediate success; she never violates good taste, and the truths that concern her are large and indisputable.

Her book, however, may be said to have two possible intentions, a division which sounds tedious but which analysis makes necessary. It is, in the first place, a suspense-narrative about a crime. A demented and pitiful old wretch lurks, black-cloaked and clubfooted, about the neighborhood of an English seaside resort and lures little girls away with him to their death. One of his abductions is observed from a distance by a little girl named Hilary (and her little brother with the even more unlikely name of Peregrine), who is unable to avert her own impending danger partly because of her fanciful and wavering interpretations of "Dotty Jim," and partly because of the coldness and self-preoccupation of the adults around her who, of course, do not take her seriously.

With this, we are given something of a psycho-domestic tale, a collection of commentary on the inner frustrations and motivations of a half-dozen members of Hilary's family and their acquaintances. The range of problems taken up is ambitious, and these are apparently intended to work significantly with the development of the Dotty Jim story. There is of course no rhetorical reason why these two aspects of the novel should not "work" and reinforce each other. But they do not, in this instance, and the result is disappointing.

The character explications involve much highly provocative and difficult material—religious symbolism, the death of the children's father, agnostic musings, an angel-child mystique (in the person of Peregrine), the image of Dotty Jim as the Devil—that is introduced unevenly and handled unsatisfyingly. Moreover, the probings hop from one person to another with a somewhat disturbing abruptness that does injustice to the depth of any one of them. Miss Bawden is so drily reluctant to nurture any one of her characters in particular that the reader's concern goes equally dry, and none of the characters, not even the little girl, ostensibly the protagonist, ever achieves a permanent place in the reader's sympathy.

Only a skillful and intriguing narrative line could make up for this, but the narrative finally sags irretrievably from an excess of anti-climaxes. In the effort to involve an unlimited amount of subjective material, the moment of inevitable disaster is arrived at and abandoned many times over, until one's feeling of suspense simply tires.

Thus in both instances Miss Bawden's writing suffers, I think, from a lack of understanding of the function and limits of her material. Aiming obviously at a detached and efficient style, her writing is in fact superior, taken paragraph for paragraph. It is in the concept of her work as a whole —what it is ultimately to be, and how it will manage to affect the reader—that she is not inspired. As to what she seeks to say, primarily, about life—that the child's dawning recognition of adult ambiguity is a painful one—its familiarity needs no elaboration.

REVIEWERS

Richard Gilman has written for the Chicago *Review*, *Poetry* and other magazines.

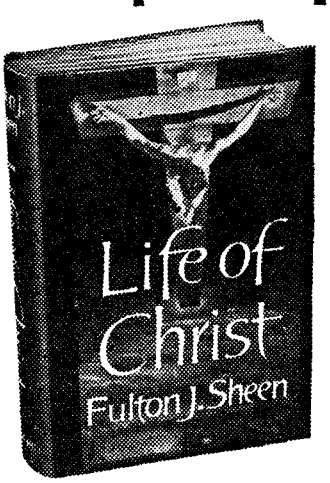
William Dunlea is a free-lance writer living in New York.

Alice Saxon has contributed both fiction and reviews to The Commonweal.

Fulton J. Sheen's

TRIUMPHANT

Life of Christ



"Bishop Sheen brings the Saviour to life vividly, so that reading the book seems to bring one into His presence. The work will be a source of inspiration and guidance for people in all walks of life. It is destined to be a classic in its field."—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"An eloquent voice which is saying again for our times . . . what the great Fathers of the early Church said for their flocks."—N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

$6.50 now at your bookstore McGRAW-HILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Send for a Trial Subscription!

13 Issues for $2

(FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY)

THE COMMONWEAL 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Enclosed is $2. Please send the next 13 issues to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

3/6/59

ART

Artist Despite Himself

WITH THE exception of a brief period when he was a young man, Winslow Homer shrank from society, and in the last decades of his life he practically retired from it into the then remote fastness of Prout's Neck, Maine. Since he was an artist, however, his work presents him to the public view, and now, almost half a century after his death, a large and wonderfully comprehensive retrospective exhibit arranged by the National Gallery of Washington and the Metropolitan Museum of New York has offered an account of Homer at those two august institutions. The exhibit can be seen at the Metropolitan until March 8. The recluse, who nevertheless has been as much a part of American cultural inheritance as Mark Twain, at last stands substantially revealed.

The exhibit offers the entire gamut of Homer's work, from early illustrations for *Harper's Weekly* and reportorial drawings of the Civil War period to the large marine oils that he himself considered his most important work and that were to mean "Homer" both to his contemporaries and to later American audiences.

A great deal has been said about the fact that Homer had little if any training in art. Because of this, and even more because of his own attitude towards his "trade" (he referred to it himself in this way, and even referred to his pictures with Yankee forthrightness as "goods on hand," as Mr. Lloyd Goodrich notes in his book on Homer) one is apt to think of him as a "self-made" artist.

Actually, Homer had a rigorous training as a lithographer and journalist-illustrator and this training had a lasting effect on him. It is proof of the powerful nature of his very real gifts that he ever overcame it; what's more, there is every reason to believe he overcame it almost in spite of himself, since the "naturalistic" artistic philosophy he professed led him to emphasize his special training and to *hurt* his work with extraneous elucidations as much as to *protect* it from the different artificiality of academic conventions.

Homer has two overwhelming virtues as an artist: a striking vigor and ease in composition; and an instinct which Henry James described when he said of Homer that "he naturally sees everything at one with its envelope of light and air." The first, which received a notable impetus from his visit to Paris in 1866-7 (the innovations of Manet and the esthetic stimulus of the exhibition of Japanese Art were in the air), gives his work a robust quality that wins out, more or less, over the illustrative tendency of most his work—it is a steadying virtue. The second gives a marvelous outdoor freshness, a powerful sensuous delight, to almost everything he painted: this is the essence of his style and a virtue that informs his work and captivates the viewer.

Homer's "naturalism," as already noted, has a double effect: one of them the vice of over-literalness or unassimilated literalness; the other being the virtue of giving back to us through the eloquent prism of his works the large beauties of nature in our native land. It is this "native" quality that sometimes overrides his worst faults and that most seduces the American in looking at Homer. It is this that James referred to when he said: "He not only has no imagination, but he contrives to elevate this rather blighting negative into a blooming and honorable position."

In general, it seems that Homer's best work are his watercolors, and his smaller and less pretentious oils. In these the very rapidity and ease operate in favor of those innate virtues that were his saving grace, and the strong influence of his training and the conscientious application of his naturalistic philosophy were overborne. *Easthampton, Long Island,* which is a really delightful small oil (1874), is so full of light and air that the simplicity of its composition seems bathed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

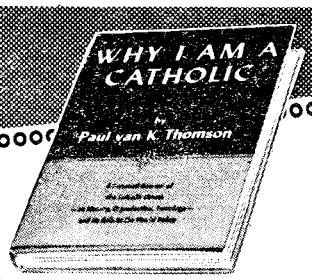
in the spaciousness of the whole wide ocean. *High Tide* (1870) arrests the eye in admiration of the poetic arrangement of the figures in a land-and-seascape. Among the watercolors (one hundred and five of the Adirondacks and of the Eastern seaboard from Maine to the West Indies), two of the most memorable are *Sailing the Dory* with its still, dreamlike quality and repeated sail pattern, and *The Boatman,* a tour-de-force in flat pattern and monochrome that breathes the mysterious misty atmosphere of a river scene.

None of those is among his most famous or "important" works, which, perhaps because they express his most self-concious effort, always seem to carry some mark of his faults. *Breezing Up,* a familiar fair-sized oil of 1876, is a wonderfully lively composition filled with that outdoor freshness that is "Homer," but the over-literalness of its figures and the rosy glow of their faces gives it a sweetened illustrative quality that spoils its vigor.

The famous *Gulf Stream* is much more ambitious, but the grand romantic image of the man in his dismasted sailboat wallowing helplessly in the marvelously painted turbulence of the Gulf Stream is almost overwhelmed by the distractions of overliteral details (the photographic exactitude of the Negro's powerful torso, the sugar cane, the eye of the shark stares out to surprise the observer). The overliteralness even works to spoil the "story" of the picture: the Negro looks more as if he were "posing" than as if he were in anguish contemplating his probable terrible fate. In the splendid painting called *Driftwood* (1909, one of his last and best large oils), despite the clumsy and irrelevant shape of the too-well-defined log that is thrust into the picture, he has created a bold dynamic composition.

Regardless of his conscious intention, he could not force himself to be entirely literary or literal; in spite of himself he produced works of art out of the spectacle of nature.

BETTY KAUFMAN.



To better understand the Church

THIS inspiring account of what Catholicism means to one man will give *all* Catholics a deeper knowledge of their faith.

The author, a former Episcopal minister, became a Catholic nine years ago. In his book, he tells of his search for faith, and as he does so, provides a lucid explanation of the structure of the Catholic Church, its organization and works in the world today, its history, doctrine, and liturgy.

Besides offering Catholics a luminous affirmation of their religion, WHY I AM A CATHOLIC is the perfect book to give to non-Catholics for an understanding of the Church.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

By Paul van K. Thomson

Associate Professor, Providence College

Imprimatur. $2.75, now at your bookstore

THOMAS NELSON & SONS

MARYWOOD COLLEGE

Accredited Catholic college for women. B.A., B.S., B.M. degrees. Art, business, psychology, drama, guidance counseling, liberal arts, librarianship, liturgical music, medical technology, music (N.A.S.M.), science, special education, teaching (elem. & sec.), vocational home ec. Master's degrees in education, psychology, librarianship. Conducted by Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Catalog. Give date of H. S. graduation.

REGISTRAR, MARYWOOD COLLEGE, BOX C, SCRANTON, PA.

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840. An accredited college; B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Music, art, secretarial training, journalism, home economics, teaching, speech and radio. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs. Well-equipped buildings. Catalog.

BOX 109, SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, INDIANA

LA SALLE Military Academy

Foremost Catholic military preparatory school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college preparation. Grades 9-12. Small classes. ROTC highest rating. Beautiful 160-acre campus on Great South Bay. 76th year. Write for Catalog.

Box W, Oakdale, L.I., New York

Coming Special Issues of The Commonweal

***Education*—April 3**

***Spring Books*—May 8**

***Spring Juveniles*—May 22**

Educational

INDIANA

Saint Mary's College Notre Dame

Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Liberal Arts; Home Ec.; Teaching; Commerce; Music. New inter-departmental major in Christian Culture. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind.

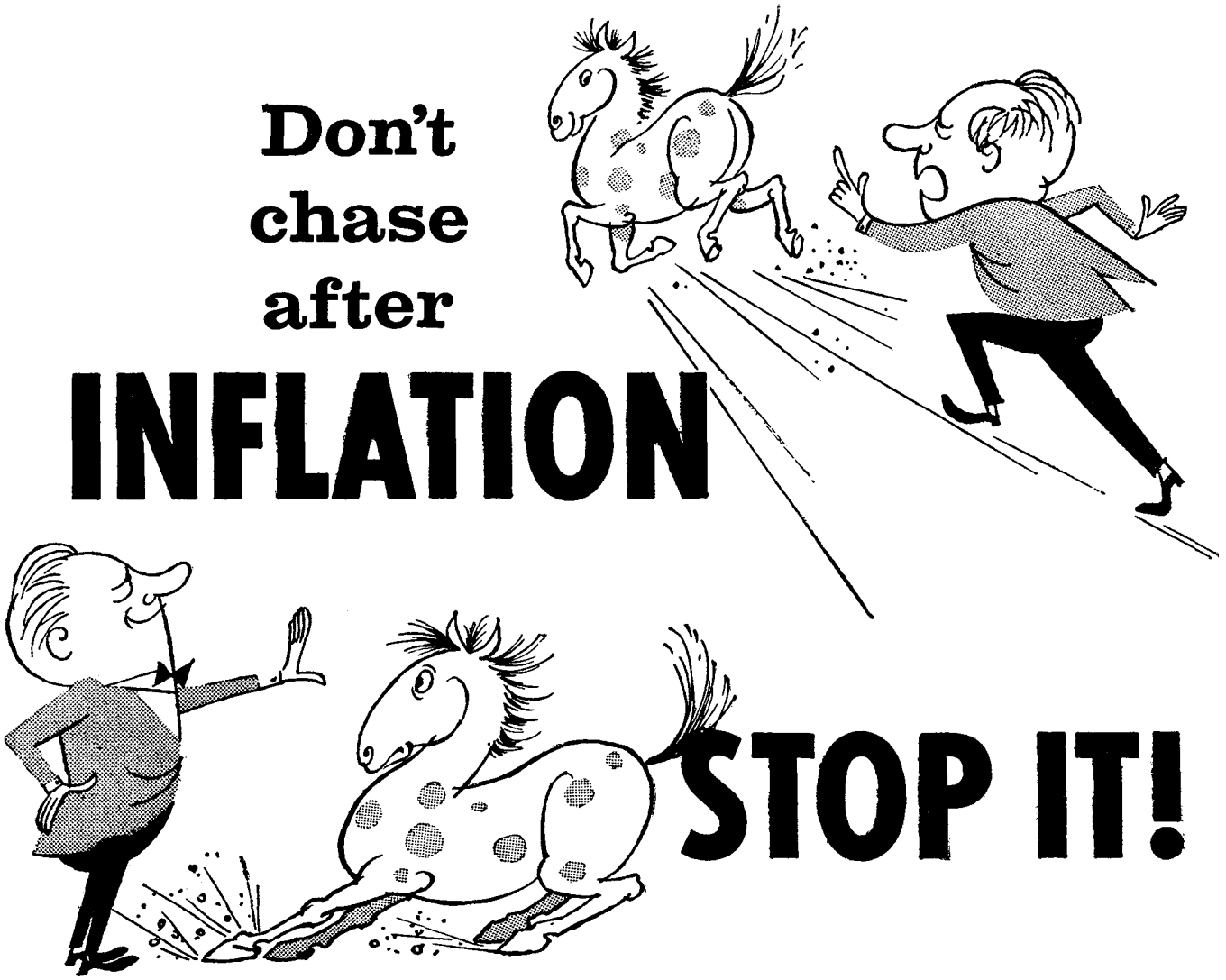
NEW JERSEY

Delbarton School

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't chase after INFLATION



STOP IT!

Inflation can easily become a runaway horse.

Inflation is caused by a lot of things. But one of the most important is rising labor costs without a corresponding increase in productivity. The reason: 75 per cent or more of the cost of what you buy is for labor.

It's kind of a chain reaction. With each round of wage and price increases, our dollar loses another chunk of purchasing power.

If things keep on this way another twenty years — or ten — or five — what will happen to your savings, your insurance, your pension plans, your children's education? Inflation robs you of your future security. Isn't it time to stop this senseless spiral?

* * *

Some people think they enjoy a little inflation —at least temporarily when they get a few more dollars in pay.

For a while they have more dollars to spend and everything is rosy.

But, too soon, comes the day when rising costs force prices up so high people don't have enough dollars to go around.

Nobody likes inflation then.

This message is being brought to you by

REPUBLIC STEEL

as a member of the

AMERICAN IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE

Republic Steel fights inflation by fostering continuous cost-cutting advice to its customers. Figuring out ways of making things at lower cost is a management contribution to your well-being. One way Republic does this is by providing field service metallurgists who advise on economic steel selection and the most efficient processing, or fabrication methods to achieve best results.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED